That brought her for this high good turne so farre.

*Enter the Emperour, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore at one doore.* *Enter at the other doore Bascianus and Lauinia, with others.*

*Saturnine.* So *Bascianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your gallant Bride.
*Bascianus.* And you of yours my Lord, I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.
*Saturnine.* Traitor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.
*Bassianus.* Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while am I possest of that is mine.
*Saturnine.* 'Tis good sir, you are verie short with vs,
But if we liue, weele be as sharpe with you.
*Bascianus.* My Lord what I haue done as best I may,
Answere I must, and shall doo with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the dueties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrongd,
That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly moude to wrath,
To be controwld in that he frankelie gaue,
Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expresst himselfe in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
*Titus.* Prince *Bascianus* leaue to pleade my deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue loude and honoured *Saturnine*.

*Tamora*,



*Tamora.* My wor
VVere gratious in t
Then heare me speak
And at my sute (swe
*Saturnine.* VVh
And baselie put it v
*Tamora.* Not so m
I should be Authou
But on mine honour
For good Lord *Titu*
VVhose furie not dis
Then at my sute lool
Loose not so noble a
Nor with sowre loo
My Lord: Be rulc
Dissemble all your g
You are but newlie
Least then the peop
Vpon a iust surmay t
And so supplant you
VVhich Rome repu
Yeeld at intreats:
Ile find a day to ma
And race their factio
The cruell father, and
To whom I sued for m
And make them kn
Kneele in the streets
Come, come sweete
Take vp this good ol
That dies in tempest
*Saturnine.* Rise
*Titus.* I thanke y
These words, these lo
*Tamora.* *Titus* I